

Stanley Merrill left Sunday for Fort Devens.

Miss Jean Fall has returned from two weeks vacation at Cooscooc.

Mrs Eva Ripley of Magalloway is visiting her daughter, Mrs Ellen Littlehale.

The Misses Ann Cummings and Priscilla Farwell were in Portland last Thursday.

Mrs Mary Myers of Orono is this week's guest of her son, Wilbur Myers, and family.

Mrs Merton Connor of Portland is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Lee Cummings.

Mrs Dora Wymann is the guest of her sister, Mrs Edwin Smith, and family, Vernon Street.

Mrs Lucien Littlehale and son, Frank of Portland are spending this week at their home here.

Pfc and Mrs Robert Parker of Portland were week end guests of her parents, Mr and Mrs Norman Hall.

Miss Ruby Jewell of the CMG Hospital, Lewiston, was the week end guest of Mr and Mrs Ray York.

Donald Lord and Lee Carver will leave Sunday to spend two weeks at the Maine Music Camp, Farmington.

The Misses Marian and Muriel Brinck are enjoying a two weeks vacation with their parents, Mr and Mrs A C Brinck.

Miss Ida Packard spent Sunday at Monmouth visiting a relative, Rev Roy Packard, who is spending a vacation there.

Members of George A Mundt Post, American Legion, and Auxiliaries will hold their annual picnic at the French farm in Newry Sunday afternoon.

Mr and Mrs Cmas, Verrill of Tilton, N H were calling on old friends in town Monday and were guests of Mr and Mrs Herman Skillings Monday night.

Mrs Leon Coker and daughter, Marbeth of Philadelphia, Penna., and Mrs Coker's mother, Mrs Grace Stearns of Quincy, Mass., are guests of Mr and Mrs A C Brinck.

Mr and Mrs Percy Brinck and Mr and Mrs Arthur Dudley and daughter, Marjie have been in town a few days closing their home preparatory to going to Andover, N H, where Mr Brinck and Mr Dudley will operate a birch mill.

Frederick Grover, Mrs Paul Hall, Mrs Hugh Thurston, Mrs Earl Parker, Mr and Mrs Euel Davis, Mr Thomas Brown, Mr Erwin Hutchinson, Mrs Stuart Cross and Mrs George Parsons were in Portland last Friday as blood donors for the Red Cross.

Dr S S Greenleaf left Wednesday for a vacation of several days.

Clarence LeClair of the University of Maine spent the week end at his home.

Miss Agnes Ann Walsh of South Portland is the guest of Mrs Mabel Robertson.

Francis Berry was at home from the University of Vermont over the week end.

Mrs Edmond Vachon left this Thursday afternoon to visit relatives in New Jersey.

Ensign Maynard Austin returned to Davisville R I, Monday after a leave of several days.

Carrie Wight will leave Monday for the Superintendent's Conference at Orono.

Mr and Mrs Herbert Rowe and daughter, Margery, of Gardiner spent the week end with relatives here.

Tommie Carter, who has spent a few weeks with his grandmother, Mrs Fannie Carter has returned home.

Pvt Bradley Hall left Sunday to return to Camp Breckenridge, Ky., after spending a 10 day furlough at his home.

Mr and Mrs Harry Jordan and Mr and Mrs W C Bean were guests of John Harris and Miss Hattie Harris, Thursday.

Miss Ruth Davis, a former Bethel teacher, was the guest of Mr and Mrs Evans Wilson at North-west Bethel last week.

Mrs Leroy Ordway returned to Portsmouth, N H Sunday night after a visit with her sister Mrs Stanley Brown and family.

Mr and Mrs John Linehan and family of Lewiston were guests Sunday of Mrs Linehan's brother, E O Donahue, and family.

Ralph Moore and Roy Moore went to Fort Devens today to see Sgt. Robert Moore. Mrs Ralph Moore remained at the hospital there last week to be with her son.

The following relatives and friends of Cpl and Mrs Richard Young who have been here on a vacation, enjoyed an outdoor supper Saturday night at the home of Mr and Mrs Earl Davis, Mr and Mrs Ralph Young, Mrs Tena Thurston, Mrs Fred Hall, Mr and Mrs Herbert Rowe and daughter Margery, Mr and Mrs Richard Davis and daughter Penny, Lt and Mrs Sidney Dyke and children Sylvia and Alan, Mrs Custer Quimby and daughter Pamela, Miss Anna Gregg, Frances Graves, Miss Margarette Hall, Miss Madeline Hall, Mrs Anna Wright, Wayne Edwards, Cpl and Mrs Young and daughter Pamela, Mr and Mrs Earl Davis and son Jerry.

BUY WAR BONDS!

penicillin's scientific history
is spectacular development a
life-saver at war and at home.

to enjoy their own state to the

A black and white portrait of a man with dark hair, glasses, and a mustache. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. The image is high-contrast and grainy, with a dark background.

industry in overcoming problems of large-scale production and clinical application of the life-saving drug. Here for a brief visit, the Oxford pathologist told in person for the first time his own story of penicillin's scientific history and its spectacular development as a savior of war and at home.

service.
—continued on last page

W. S. O. S.
LOWER SHOW
THODIST CHURCH
ursday, Aug. 24
2 p. m. to 8 p. m.

CLASSIFIED
DEPARTMENT

BEAUTY TREATMENT

Ladies!! Wrinkles? Large Pores? Sallow Complexion?
WHY WORRY? Regain the schoolgirl complexion with Juel's self treatment. No plastic, no medicine, no exercise. Also daily rules for the care of hair, teeth, food, and necessary exercise. MEN—WOMEN! Some of this now! Paper shortage limits quantity. \$1.00 per box. JUEL'S, Huntington Park, Calif.

Business Opportunities

ELECT ROOSEVELT. Mail 10c for 25 copies big "hit" victory song: "ROSEY AND TRUE." Tune: "Red River Valley, 1868." Metro Station, Los Angeles 25, California.

Constitution Amendments

Besides two articles in the original Bill of Rights, only two other proposed amendments to the U. S. Constitution failed because they were not ratified by the necessary number of states.

The first, proposed in 1810, was to bar titles of nobility, while the second, proposed in 1861, was to prohibit interference with slavery.

The pending Child Labor amendment has been ratified by only 28 of the required 36 states since it was proposed 20 years ago.

1-MAN SHOCK BINDER

Labor Twine Groin

SAVES

POST PAID . . . While They Last

Limited quantity. Pre-war make. Best oak, steel, Manila rope. 1 man can bind a shock in a minute. Saves time, twine, tight shocks save grain. Sturdy, foolproof, fast. Send check, money order, cash.

\$2.00

EVANS SPECIALTY CO.

420 1/2 N. Mulberry St., Richmond 20, Va.

Listen to this
Fun-packed
Quiz Show!

**"DOUBLE
OR
NOTHING"**

with
JOHN REED KING

Master of Ceremonies

FRIDAYS 9:30 P.M.

Sponsored by
FEEN-A-MINT

over the
YANKEE NETWORK

in NEW ENGLAND

MOTHER GRAY'S
SWEET POWDERS

Has merited the confidence of mothers for more than 45 years. Good for children who suffer occasional constipation—and for all the family when a pleasant-tasting laxative is needed. It relieves of 15 easy-to-take powders. See. Be sure to ask for Mother Gray's Sweet Powders. At all drug stores. Caution: Use only as directed.

To relieve distress of MONTHLY
Female Weakness

(Also Fine Stomachic Tonic)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous for relieving periodic pain and accompanying nervous, weak, tired-out feelings—when due to functional monthly disturbances. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women—it helps nature and that's the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Watch Your
Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. If kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—(fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery).
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is most important. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nationwide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

DUDE WOMAN
By PETER B. KYNE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Mary Sutherland, an Eastern girl, is lured to Arizona by the advertisements of the Wagon Wheel dude ranch operated by Ma and Pa Burdun. She is met at the station by Len Henley, rodeo rider, who tells her that the Wagon Wheel has gone out of business. While at Phoenix Len enters the rodeo, drawing a bronc known as Mad Hatter. Mary learns that Len loves her and that his father disapproves the match. She wagers one thousand to three thousand that Len will ride Mad Hatter. He succeeds, but is injured. Mary buys the Burdun equity in Wagon Wheel, outbidding Ham Henley. Ham, feeling the ranch is his, offers it to his son.

CHAPTER X

A long silence. Then, "And, of course, Mary, there is your family to consider."

"I have a feeling the champion cowboy of the world would not strike their fancy as hard as he struck mine." She came back to the bedside, took his hand and held it. "I suppose you and your father have seen enough exhibits A in blue overalls, cowboy boots and big hats to support his thesis?"

He nodded lugubrously.

"Len, do you really and truly love me?"

"So much I think I shall never get over wanting you. What I feel for you is something I have never felt for any woman—and I have had my little romances and dreamed a few silly dreams that faded long before I got back to the inspiration for them. But you were different. I have never before met—a girl like you! You're the first specimen of your world that I have ever known—it's the grand passion, I suppose. It is said to come once to every man." He looked up at her and she saw misery in his eyes. "Your going will leave a scar," he whispered.

"You think I ought to go, Don Leonardo?"

"It would be safer to retreat. Mine is a small world, yours a large one . . . you have many opportunities to forget . . . love isn't enough for a happy life, my dear one. You would have to have congenial surroundings and congenial friends—I wouldn't be enough for you."

"I'll not put you up against such a grim decision," she promised.

Two minutes later his father walked into the room. "Passed your dude girl friend down in the lower hall," he announced. "She didn't see me. She was cryin'. You two been puttin' on the gloves, son?"

"We will not be seeing each other again, sir."

"Maybe that's just as well, Len. Mind tellin' the old man what the ruckus was about?"

"There was no ruckus. We're both civilized. It was a mistake—we both recognized it—and faced it. I'd been thinking about what you said and decided you were right, so when she came in here about five minutes ago I let her have it. There was no sparring. I had to get it off my chest."

"That took guts," his father murmured. "At your age I lacked 'em."

"Don't bother buying the Wagon Wheel for me, father," his son went on wearily. "I had a day dream about it once—and the dream faded—I wouldn't be too happy there now, so forget it." He reached out a hand groping for his father's. "When I get well you might give me a job, pappy. I know you better than I used to . . ."

"All right, we'll forget the Wagon Wheel," his father said, happy because there existed now no reason why they should ever mention it again. Apparently she hadn't told him—and she wouldn't now. . . .

In the privacy of her room Mary distilled her cargo of woe in tears which did not last long, for hers was a resilient nature and she had a normal, healthy contempt for women who wept unless their honest emotions have been sacrificed. And there was a question before her now—she had to find an answer to it. If she returned to New York it would be to a home deserted save for their butler and his wife, the cook—and there would be Joe Blanding, ready to pounce on her. She had fled to Arizona to escape Joe Blanding and his constant pleading with her to marry him. She despised Joe Blanding, although her mother had done all in her power to forward a marriage between them. He was the typical rich man's son—idle, selfish, prodigal where his own comfort was concerned, but parsimonious otherwise; a play-boy who, not knowing how to live, drank to conceal his boredom. How she shrank from seeing Joe Blanding again—and of course she wouldn't be back in town a week before he would know it and come whining around! The man was impervious to rebuffs, a dozen times she had refused to marry him, but still he persisted, apparently in the belief that he would, eventually, wear down her resistance. And he was such a whispering weakling about it. He had no comprehension about descending to the unutterable vulgarity of tears in his efforts to impress her with the depth of his love. He seemed to think the profundity of his passion was a rare and holy thing with which no sane woman could fall to be impressed.

Why not spend the next three

months on the Wagon Wheel? she thought. She had a feeling that solitude might be good for her in her present mood. The Burduns, she knew, planned to return to the ranch in a day or two to gather up a few personal belongings and they had no plans for the future. It might be possible to engage them to live at the Wagon Wheel with her. Ma could cook and keep house for her and Pa could furnish protection. She would buy a cheap horse and ride around the country, look it over and wonder how she'd like to live in it. Margaret Maxwell might like to make her a visit there.

She telephoned the Burduns and outlined her proposition. Both, regarding her as the new and, presumably, active owner of the ranch, had been hugging the hope she would engage them for they found it heart-breaking to separate themselves from a spot grown immeasurably dear to them.

"Cook?" Ma shrieked. "Miss Sutherland, I don't lay down my skillet to nobody. I'm one of these old-time home-cookin' bodies and I'm here to tell you the big mistake we made in our dude business was me not doin' the cookin'. But we got the

never beheld a scene of greater solitude and loneliness.

"Ain't it beautiful?" Ma asked huskily.

The Wagon Wheel, Mary thought, was beautiful in the sense that a snarling tiger is beautiful; it had the quality she found sinister under the harsh noon light; all around her was the armed desert growth, with little open spaces between. She didn't see anything a cow should find edible, yet, to her amazement, the cattle they passed looked sleek.

"You'll love it," Ma assured her. "It may take time but you'll love it. At first maybe it'll frighten you but pretty soon it'll begin to get under your skin. It's just that Arizona's different and sort of shocks an easterner when he meets her in a state of nature, like a gal caught in the bathtub."

Ma let in the clutch. "Come to think of it, I got a settin' hen due to hatch today or tomorrow. Glory be, I'll be home in time."

She rolled down the grade, sounding the siren, pulled into the ranch yard and shrieked. "Whoop-e-e-e!" She climbed out and hurried into the house of which she was still, at heart, the mistress. "You got five bedrooms in this ranch-house to choose from, Miss Mary," she announced, "an' don't go into the patio until I scout it first. There was a rattlesnake hummin' his love song there the mornin' I left. We used to have a she cat here that kept the place free o' rattlers—she'd jump around 'em an' tease 'em to strike at her an' miss, an' when they got tired an' slowed up she'd sneak on 'em from the rear an' ketch 'em by the back o' the neck an' then her an' her kittens at the brute. But she got old an' slowed up herself an' one day she didn't jump fast enough an' the snake got her. Now we'll be more or less snake-ridden around headquarters until Pa can break in a new she. She's the best because a she's always out to protect her young an' rustle 'em up some grub."

Mary left her setting about the preparation of luncheon in a nice large kitchen, modern in every respect. Beyond the kitchen was a butler's pantry that accommodated a small bar. The dining room was beyond that and opened on a large living room that stretched across the front of the building. The living room, in turn, gave to a gun and trophy room. The building was in the form of a U, with the open end facing southeast, and five bedrooms, with baths formed the other side of it with French windows opening on a large patio. A half-hearted effort had been made once to plant a garden here, but evidently Pa had gotten tired or disgusted. There was a fountain in the center, surmounted by a very good bronze of a bronco buster on a bucking horse and a scarlet flycatcher sat on the buster's outflung arm.

Mary liked the furniture. It was all unstained oak and custom-made and the mattresses were excellent, the bedding of the best. The floors were laid with Navajo rugs and the light fixtures were of hammered bronze. She saw the Wagon Wheel had its own little independent lighting plant. There was a huge fireplace in the living room and a smaller one in the gun room and each bedroom; lithographs of paintings by Frederick Remington and Charles Russell adorned the walls; on each side of the living room fireplace there were built-in bookcases containing reprint editions of western novels. A cheap piano that could be played manually or mechanically gave an air of elegance and there was a combination radio and phonograph. To Mary's amazement the house furnishings proclaimed comfort and good taste. Every room had doors that could be opened on both sides and Mary was to learn that this was to provide a cooling draft during the hot summer.

This main ranch-house was of adobe brick with a wide colonnade around the outside of it; the roof was of red tile, and Virginia creeper and Cape jasmine ran up the pillars of the colonnade and crept over the roof of it. The floor of this colonnade was of large square red tiles and there were benches set at intervals. Surrounding the main house, but at some little distance from it, were four small guest cottages, also of adobe, and furnished for housekeeping in the event a dude preferred his own cooking and greater privacy. A neglected lawn of Dutch clover surrounded all the living quarters; west of them was the bunkhouse, help's mess hall and kitchen, the blacksmith shop, garage, a large barn and a corral in which about twenty nondescript horses, some nules and two Guernsey cows stood listlessly.

Large pecan trees gave a promise of shade in the summer and there was a grove of grapefruit trees, some avocados and an open patch of ground that evidently would be a vegetable garden in the spring. There was a wooden tower with a small tank on it, over a well from which the water was lifted by a small windmill. A friendly shepherd dog and two cats followed the new owner on her tour of inspection of the grounds.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Smile Please



SECOND THE MOTION!

The city council was in session when a slight earthquake occurred noticeably shaking the building. Mayor and aldermen departed without formalities, but the city clerk, a man of rules and regulations, stayed until he could make a proper entry into the meeting minutes. He wrote: "On motion of the city hall, the council adjourned."

Wise Man

Jones—I saw the doctor today about my loss of memory. Smith—What did he do? Jones—Made me pay him in advance!

Ready to Duck

Judge—Now that you are acquitted of the charge of bigamy, you're free to go home. Poor Man—Thanks, your honor. But what I want to know is which home?

Tilt for Tat

She—Thanks for the hug! He—The pressure was all mine!

SSSHH!

Jane—How do you know Mabel's marriage is a secret? Joan—Why, that's what she's telling everybody!

Army Line

Pvt.—You know, I wouldn't kiss another girl like this, Mabel. Mary—My name isn't Mabel!

Just Try It!

Nit—Oww! I burned my finger in the hot water. Wit—Why didn't you feel it before you put your hand in the water?

Fork-Get It!

Harry—Did you hear about the fellow who swallowed a spoon? Jerry—No, what happened to him? Harry—He can't stir!

KITTY, KITTY

Joan—Believe me, I pick my friends! Jane—Yes, to pieces!

Complete Blank

Jim—You look as if you have something on your mind. What is it? Jack—Oh, nothing. Jim—I thought maybe it was your hat!

Cute Trick

Nit—What word of eight letters does "the" begin and "he" end, Wit—The word he—adace—he!

Not So Dumb

He—See that big substitute down there on the bench? I think he's going to be our best man next year. She—Oh, darling, this is so sudden!

Half and Half

Joe—I can't make up my mind whether my new girl is pretty or homely. Bill—I can settle that. I think she's pretty homely!

Double Talk

Jones—I suppose you can talk to birds? Smith—Well, I can talk turkey!

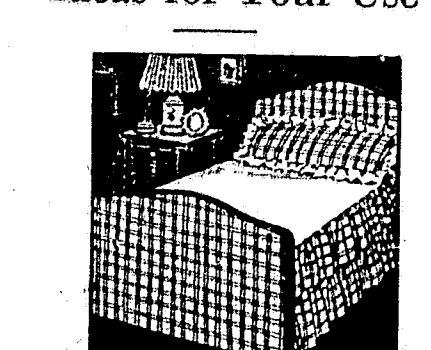
Love's Menu

Joe—I'm off of girls for life! Bill—Why, what's wrong now? Joe—Every girl I take out is always hungry. Last night I was sitting on the porch with Elsie and the first thing she said was "that moon fills me with hunger for something."

Me Too

Harry—I hate people who are vague and non-committal, don't you? Jerry—Mmmmm, well!

Practical Slip Cover Ideas for Your Use



SLIP covers for bed ends—for the backs and arms of chairs and sofas—for table tops and chairs! Other practical slip cover ideas are in these directions.

Practical slip covers that save fabric. Instructions 796 contain step-by-step directions, all information to make these slip covers. Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York. Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No. Name Address

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Millions of dollars will be saved by American purchasers of rubber items in post-war days because of the availability of synthetic and the influence its cost will have on the price of natural rubber. Rubber authorities anticipate that hereafter synthetic rubber prices will serve as a ceiling over charges for the plantation product.

Special rubber pipe lines have been developed which troops can string across rivers, ravines or gulches in battle areas to deliver fuel to motor equipment. The "pipes" yield to the force of concussion, but never break.

Art of Tattooing

Tattooists may use outlining machines with four needles, shading machines with 12 needles, and as many as 17 shades of pigment.

A Dab a Day keeps P.O. away!

(Underarm Perspiration Odor)

YODORA DEODORANT CREAM

—Isn't stiff or sticky! Soft—It spreads like face cream.

—Is actually soothing! Use right after shaving—will not irritate.

—Has light, pleasant scent. No sticky smell to cling to fingers or clothing.

—Will not spoil delicate fabrics.

Yet tests in the tropics—made by nurses—prove that Yodora protects under trying conditions. In tubes or jars, 10c, 25c, 60c. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

SING A SONG OF KITCHEN THRIFT

SINK YOUR DIMES IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

The Oxford County Citizen

The Bethel News 1895
The Rumford Citizen, 1908

Published every Thursday in the interests of the inhabitants of Bethel and the other towns of northwestern Oxford County. Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine. Subscription rates, paid in advance: three years, \$5.00; one year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.10; three months, 60c. Phone 100

Carl L. Brown, Publisher

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1944



To Stop Waste

Ordinarily people think about taxes as having one purpose: namely, raising money to meet government expenses. But the day has come when getting revenue is only one of the purposes of taxation, not necessarily the main one. A chief reason for collecting taxes these days is to defeat inflation. Inflation is a sharp rise in prices resulting from spending power that people have over and above the available supply of things to buy.

If America's only aim in taxation were paying for the war, we would have to admit failure, for Uncle Sam is borrowing 50 per cent of the war's cost each year, raising only 40 per cent in taxes. All serious students of government money matters admit that current taxation is, in large part, to cut down Mr. Consumer's big, war time spending power so he won't be bringing greater inflation upon himself by paying outrageous prices for the few things left to buy.

Control Spending

Any time the majority of a nation's people are bidding higher and higher prices to satisfy their wants just because they have more money than they are used to, that's when inflation is out of control. Such trends have to be stopped before they gain momentum, and there are two ways to do it: (1) persuade people to save and (2) tax their spending money away from them. The plan our government has been using is a combination of both, and it's not all that might be desired.

The savings idea has worked better, taking the form of war bond sales. Bonds have been sold but not so many have been bought by banks; too few by private investors. The taxation feature of America's fight on inflation has been hardly more than half effective. "Nice holders with elections in mind are usually very slow to put taxes where they belong.

Double Dealing

Probably you have heard it said that the only good place for a car-buncle is on somebody else. The same rule seems to apply to taxes in the United States. No office seeker ever beats a tax bill that hits a majority directly. He tries to make every tax look like it's on somebody else. Of course taxes finally settle on the majority every time, but the principal ones are disguised so the voter is not aware that they are taxes.

The orthodox method of setting up revenue plans in the United States has been to fasten on such direct tax as possible on minority groups and hit the heavy voting elements as lightly as possible. By this system a great many taxes have been devised that help not one bit in the fight against inflation. Taxes levied against corporate incomes provide an example. Such taxes raise money (truly) but they don't touch inflation.

And Here Is Why:

Not since Pearl Harbor have corporations been allowed to compete with each other in buying goods. They are controlled by priorities, which amount to 100 per cent rationing. Thus controlled, corporations can do exactly nothing to create runaway prices. All they can do with net profit, if any, is pay it out in dividends to stockholders or save it against that post-war "rainy day" by buying war bonds.

One of America's financial problems is to slow down the circulation of our active money; money that's being wasted because it is not being used to its worth. Saving, especially by buying war bonds, will do the trick because saving retards spending, but not enough people realize that to save a dollar tax on income is to save a dollar tax on spending. It's a double-edged sword.

"The genius of America is stronger than any candidate or any party. . . I still know that the fate of America cannot depend on any one man. The greatness of America is grounded in principles and not on any single personality. I, for one, shall remember that, even as President. . . Franklin D. Roosevelt, in an address delivered at Madison Square Garden, New York City, Nov. 3, 1933.

"THERE WAS I A-WAITING AT THE CHURCH"



COMPULSION IS UN-AMERICAN

by NORMAN VINCENT PEARLE

(Editor's Note: The Reverend Vincent Pearle, D. D., is pastor of Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue, New York City. His program "The Art of Living" can be heard each Saturday at 6:45 on Eastern War Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Nation-Wide network.

"Shall we compel children by law to go to Sunday School?" was the theme of an editorial that came to my attention. As a minister I would fight with all my heart against government's ordering children to Sunday School, for it would be a denial of individual freedom of choice—a principle basic in the American Way. For the same reason I would oppose governmental subsidies of Churches or Church organizations, for what government supports it can later control, and a free Church is vital to free institutions.

Suppose the Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or the Catholic, any one religion—were to get over 50 percent of the American people in its membership and then attempted to establish a "closed shop," religion forcing everybody to join that one religion. How many Americans would stand for that procedure? It outrages every basic instinct of free men.

Next to man's religious faith and the sanctity of his home, his right to work. When the majority of the workers, of the men who work with an employer decide to form an organization to deal with him every reasonable man recognizes the right and wisdom of such a move. The employer, taken singly, is stronger than any single worker. Workers in combination equalize their strength with that of management. But suppose a man, exercising his American right of choice, does not want to join this organization? He may have many objections, reasonable or unreasonable. He may have a stubborn aversion to being forced to do anything.

Is it right then, that the shop or place of work should be closed against him? Is it fair that a free American cannot get a job in an American community because he exercises his right of choice? Must he pay a tribute to the men who control the organization for the privilege of working in a country for which his ancestors fought and he and his sons fight and die when occasion demands? This is no more equitable than if the Presbyterians tried to make me join them because they had the majority.

One reason why I might object to such compulsion might be my distrust of the Board of Elders. Suppose they were not good Presbyterians, perhaps were Mohammedans who, not having churches of their own "denomination" in America, decided to worm their way into control of the Presbyterian church. They would sound very orthodox, and would loudly proclaim their Presbyterianism, all for the purpose of fooling the regular members. This, of course, sounds preposterous—and it is in the case of the church, but it is not preposterous. It is a fact that Communists were disbanded as a party and formed an "association." Their denomination was small. Perhaps they invaded many labor organizations and because they are everlastingly vocal grabbed many positions of leadership. Millions of sincerely American workmen fail to realize the "Board of Elders" of their union may recite the creed of Unionism, but they do not cover their allegiance to Communism.

Anyway, the average union member has very little to say. He is not trained in debate, is combative, loud-mouthed, argumentative, loud-mouthed, argumentative. He is the "closed shop," and to hold his job he must continue to help pay the running expenses of the "Board of Elders," who do not represent his views any more than a Buddhist represents those of a Christian. This is not to imply that many labor leaders are not splendid Americans, but even if they all were reincarnations of Abraham Lincoln, nobody has the right to force me or any other American to join any organization.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"You talk to the coconut trees and think nothing of it. But when the trees start answering back. . . South Pacific G. I. reporting on loneliness.

"You are engaged in work that is second only to its responsibility to the most important work of the government itself."—Secretary of State Hull to the press.

"Women voters now outnumber male voters by about 600,000."—U. S. Census Bureau.

"The planners plan much better for themselves than they do for the people. The payroll proves it."—Indianapolis News.

Small business to a large extent is the basis of our free enterprise system."—Emil Schram, pres., N. Y. Stock Exchange.

"I was the green countryside of the Middle West as we flew over it at dawn."—Commander Harold Stassen, asked first impression returning to Minnesota from Pacific.

"There are no hopeless situations, only hopeless men."—Clare Boothe Luce.

"There's an editor down in Kansas who has his head working. He is credited with the best post-war plan to date. He says, give the alphabet back to the children."—Howard (S. D.) Miner Country Pioneer.

"America will win the war, but Mr. Roosevelt does not make the guns; he does not lead the soldiers. True, we have a great and mighty Army and a wonderful Navy. Do we owe these things to Mr. Roosevelt? Could not any man have done what he did if given hundreds of billions of dollars to spend? And if we must study Mr. Roosevelt as a war leader, do we forget all the blunders of the rubber campaign and all the other pyramidal organizations crowding Washington with 10 men for one man's work? Under the charm of a smooth voice and a cock-sure manner, has he not covered up enough mismanagement to convince us that he is not an able leader?—Chesterville (S. C.) Advertiser.

"Don't call it a 'New Deal'—why, that is the oldest deal in history. That is the deal by which Napoleon became master of France, he got himself elected Consul for 10 years, then for life, then made himself Emperor."—Poplar Bluff (Mo.) Republican.

If it is a good union (and many are), offered by men one can respect; if it is conducted openly, my opinion is that a man should join, he should support his fellow workers in their collective bargaining but he must do it of his own free will, not under compulsion. An American has a right to join a union. He also has the right not to join a church, a lodge, or a union, if as a free American he does not wish to do so. But his right to worship, to fraternal fellowship, or to work, must not be invalidated because of his choice.

WE'RE OUT! WHAT? NO LETTERHEADS?

WHEN THIS HAPPENS, PHONE US and We'll Print Some For You In A Hurry!!

UPTON

Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Correspondent
Kenneth Hinkley and W. L. Brown have been patrolling the fire at Sunday Cove for the past week. O Lee Abbott went up there Monday morning this week. The fire is in the ground.

Mrs. M. Ada Nutting, her granddaughter, Miss Mary Elizabeth Burnham, Miss Virginia Creighton and another friend from Hopedale, Mass., are spending their vacation at the Nutting camp.

Miss Lois Hathaway has finished her summer's work and returned to her home in Bryant Pond.

Mrs. Annie Coolidge visited relatives in Berlin the first of this week.

Miss Caroline Dorey of East Bethel is visiting Mrs. A. E. Allen for a while.

David Milligan was home from Bath last Sunday.

Mrs. Merle Henderson, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Merrill in Bethel for a few weeks, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. George of Portland were guests of her daughter Mrs. Elsie Douglass Monday this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Deraps and family have moved home from Wentworth Location, N. H., for a few weeks. Two of the children, Rita and Jerry are visiting relatives in Lewiston for a while.

Miss Helen Abbott, who spent two weeks vacation with her mother, Mrs. Cora Abbott, has returned to her home in Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.

Ray W. Thompson of Rumford was in town two days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Abbott and niece of Norway visited friends and relatives in town one day last week.

Mrs. Jennie Brown and daughter Elsie of No. Newry were in town Sunday.

Kendrick Judkins turned the tractor over one day last week, pinning his leg under it. He went to the Rumford Community Hospital to have it x-rayed. They found no bones broken, but muscles bruised and put the leg in a cast for two weeks.

A. H. Sanborn, who has spent two weeks with his sister, Mrs. C. A. Judkins has returned to his home in Weid.

BRYANT POND

Mrs. Inez Whitman, Correspondent
Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Abbott have stayed at the Cushman Cottage, South Pond, the past week.

Mrs. Adeline Noyes entertained Mrs. George Emery of New York and Mrs. Florence Emery Luce of Portland for a few days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cole went to Elsie's Nursing Home in Rumford last week and moved his mother, Mrs. Annie Cole to Noyes Nursing Home at West Paris.

Sunday callers at Noyes Nursing home were Mr. and Mrs. Matt Green, Mrs. Elmer Billings, Mrs. Wallace Whitman, Mrs. Inez Whitman, and daughter, Clara Whitman. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cole were callers there Monday evening.

Judith Grover Tent No. 17, D. of U. V. held their regular meeting, Tuesday, Aug. 8th. There were 70 members present. The next meeting will be on Sept. 12. Refreshments of sandwiches, cookies and punch were served by the committee.

The 4-H Club's supper held at the Grange Hall August 8 was well attended.

The Flower Show held Thursday afternoon, August 10 at the Social Hall by the Bryant Pond Garden Club was enjoyed by the many people who attended. Awards were made by popular vote.

Class I, Miniatures: Blue, Mrs. Bertha Houghton; Red, Mrs. Bertha Houghton.

Class II, White Flowers: Blue, Mrs. Lakeway; Red, Mrs. H. Day.

Class III: Any Flowers in an old fashioned container: Blue, Mrs. Chester Bean, Mrs. Frank Bean; Red, Mrs. Charles Barker.

Class IV, A Centerpiece Arrangement: Blue, Mrs. Frank Bean; Red, Mrs. Harold Dunlap.

Class V, Arrangement of Wild Flowers: Blue, Mrs. James Billings; Red, Mrs. Constance Alger.

Class VI, Flowers in Wall Vases: Blue, Mrs. Mary F. Babcock; Red, Mrs. Frank Bean, Mrs. Harold Dunlap.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. Evelyn Beane, Mrs. Esther Dunlap, and Mrs. Constance Alger. Total receipts \$13.20.

Clothes Dryers

Baskets

Step Ladders

Dishes

D. GROVER BROOKS

MIDDLE INTERVALE

Miss Frances Carter Miss Emily Day and Miss Alice Carter were dinner guests of Mrs. Fannie Carter Wednesday.

Janet Hanscom of Dryden, Maine is visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Stevens.

Mrs. Lillian Vail is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jack Parsons at Rumford for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Richards of Topsham were callers at Harold Bartlett's, Sunday evening.

Mrs. Richard Carter has returned to her home after spending a two week vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cotton at Mechanic Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Buckman and children, Florence, Fannie, Arthur and Francis called at Augustus Carter's Sunday evening.

Marguerite Cotton of Mechanic Falls is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Richard Carter.

SUNDAY RIVER

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Lane and daughter, Eunice of Upton called at John Nowlin's Saturday.

Miss Helen Williamson of Portland is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Daisy Crosby.

Mrs. Bessie Reynolds is helping pick beans for Howard Bailey.

Two bear have been seen recently. One by the people at Albert Stevens' camp, where he helped himself to the supplies in a can in the brook to keep cool.

The other by Mrs. Bessie Reynolds when he jumped into the road in front of her car as she was going on the Grover Hill road. Mrs. Reynolds had to stop to avoid hitting the animal which climbed the bank on the other side of the road and disappeared.

The thermometer registered 120 three mornings last week at about nine thirty, that being the side of the house where the breeze didn't strike.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: At a Probate Court held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-four from day to day from the third Tuesday of said July. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated it is hereby Ordered:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1944, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Sumner G. Bean, late of Albany Township, deceased; First Account presented for allowance by Cora Savin and Ada O. Lord, executrices.

Witness, Albert J. Stearns Judge of said Court at Paris, this third Tuesday of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-four.

33 EARLE, CLIFFORD, Registrar.

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Children's Overalls

3 - 8 yrs.
Were \$1.59—NOW 98c
ASSORTED COLORS

7 - 14 yrs.
Were \$1.97—NOW \$1.25
BLUE ONLY

WHILE THEY LAST

AT

BROWN'S VARIETY STORE

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NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

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NEW YORK

EAST BETHEL

Rev. Foster at the Church, instead of Misses Bar.

Hastings, Howland Hastings, guests of Mr. Smith and family.

Mrs. Chester daughter, Judith parents in York.

Mrs. Irwin F. Arthur Jordan, and Sgt. Geo.

to Harrisville, week to visit Merrill and their.

They were and returned Mr. and Mrs. Caroline Dorey.

Sunday to attend Newton's uncle Caroline Dorey.

Upton with Mr. len for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. have sold their Mrs. Irwin F. there.

Mrs. Earl Sw. Paris for brought her bag and Mrs. Farrar's furlough.

The sum of a part of the benefit of Alumni Bule evening.

NORTH NEW

Lawrence V. Boston have vacation in Gr.

W. J. Fall and are helping Mrs. Frances and with her.

Mrs. H. M. from Boscobel way, after spending with her son, family.

The State A town books in Miss Elizabeth home from Cape returning Sunday.

George A. P. N. Y., who has at P. W. Light Wednesday.

The North N will hold a meal dinner at Mrs. Kennedy's called at L. E. v. noon.

Mrs. Albert were at home.

Harley, Mrs. H. altered their daughter Cole and family and Mrs. Ruth the Sunday.

WEST PARIS

Mrs. Geneva I.

Dr. Abraham from Peoria, in the Dr. Edwin Main Street.

comes very high. He is a graduate of Vienna and a trained hospital, Lincoln.

Methodist Hospital at Mrs. Helen M. taking a special Frances Hospital arrive about the.

The D. A. Q. rummage sale of Sunday all day. 2 o'clock there home cooked for.

Mrs. Ella N. been stopping at during Rev. E. went to South to visit her.

Walte.

Rev. Eleanor sin, Miss Nellie ton came Tuesday.

Beach where the summer season for the.

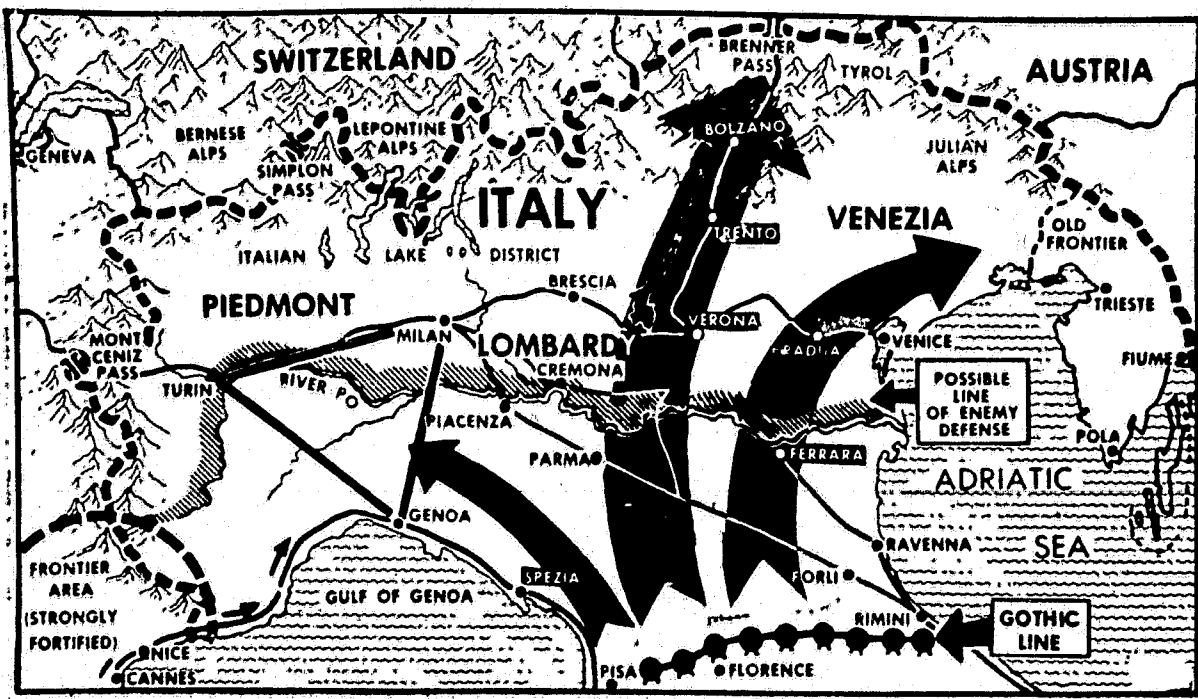
Lee Dym, attending the universal Youth Beach for the.

Mrs. Frank and Pond spent Mrs. Eva Swain.

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Why Allies Drive For Po River Valley



NEW YORK—As Nazi troops withdraw from Florence and the Gothic Line is crumbling, Allied military observers speculatively eye the Po River Valley on their maps. The valley, say military observers, should present an ideal battleground for the more heavily equipped Allied forces. Armored Columns can maneuver with facility in this rolling country and many of the problems resultant from the mountainous terrain can be dispensed with. The taking of rail centers, Milan and Mantua, would throttle Nazi supplies to the front.

Capture of Milan would sever the manufacture of tanks, military cars and other equipment under construction there, and open the way for drives on Genoa and Turin, two key points which complete the Nazi-held industrial triangle. Large arrows depict possible direction of Allied drives.

EAST BETHEL

Rev. Foster will conduct services at the Church, August 20 at 2:30 p. m. instead of August 27.

Misses Barbara and Virginia Hastings, Howard Fales and William Hastings were week end guests of Mr and Mrs Edmund Smith and family in Mason.

Mrs Chester Harrington and daughter, Judith are visiting her parents in York.

Mrs Irwin Farrar, Mr and Mrs Arthur Jordan, Mrs Earl Swinton and Sgt. Geo. Dean Farrar went to Harrisville, R. I. one day last week to visit.

Mr and Mrs S. B. Newton and Caroline Dorey were in Andover Sunday to attend services for Mrs Newton's uncle, Lewellyn Damon.

Caroline Dorey went from there to Upton with Mr and Mrs Albert Allen for a week with them.

Mr and Mrs Carl H. Swan Jr. have sold their home and Mr and Mrs Irwin Farrar are to move there.

Mrs Earl Swinton went to West Paris for her daughter and brought her back to visit with Mr and Mrs Farrar during Sgt. Farrar's furlough.

The sum of \$12.70 was received at a party at the Grange Hall for the benefit of the Gould Academy Alumni Bulletin last Thursday evening.

Mrs H. H. Morton has returned from Boscawen Camp, Magalloway, after spending several days with her son, H. H. Morton and family.

The State Auditors audited the town books in Newry recently.

Miss Elizabeth Wight was at home from Casco Saturday night returning Sunday afternoon.

George A. Peacock of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has spent the summer at F. W. Wight's will return home Wednesday.

The North Newry Farm Bureau will hold a meeting with a picnic dinner at Mrs. Bertha Davis' Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. Kenneth Hinkley of Upton called at L. E. Wight's Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Albert Morton and baby were at home last week end.

Hartley Hanson and family visited their daughters, Mrs. Robert Cole and family at Locke Mills and Mrs. Ruth Cummings at Bethel Sunday.

WEST PARIS

Mrs. Geneva Tuell, Correspondent

Dr. Abraham L. Rauchberger from Peoria, Ill., has located at the Dr. Edwin Kay residence on Main Street. Dr. Rauchberger comes very highly recommended. He is a graduate of the University of Vienna and has received specialized training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Lincoln, Nebraska, the Methodist Hospital and San Francisco Hospital at Peoria, Ill. His wife, Mrs. Helen M. Rauchberger, M. D. is taking a specialized course at San Francisco Hospital Peoria, and will arrive about the first of October.

The D. A. Q. Club are holding a rummage sale at I. O. O. F. Hall Saturday all day. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock there will be a sale of home cooked food.

Mrs. Ella Nickerson, who has been stopping at Mrs. A. K. Emery's during Rev. E. B. Forbes' absence went to South Portland Saturday to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Walte.

Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes and cousin, Miss Nellie Guimond of Boston came Tuesday from Ferry Beach where they had attended the summer school of religious education for the past month.

Lee Dymont, Everett Chase are attending the meetings of the Universalist Youth Fellowship at Ferry Beach for two weeks.

Mrs. Frank Switzer from Bryant Pond spent the week end with Mrs. Eva Swan.

SOUTH BETHEL

Mrs. Norman Wetherington's mother and sisters and other relatives from Kents Hill spent one day with her last week.

Leah Spinney and George Butters were in Portland a week ago Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Holt and son from Miami, Fla., have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Kirk.

Robert Kirk, U. S. Army, visited his mother this week.

Mrs. Frank Brooks' sister from Portland visited her recently.

Mrs. Rita Stimers had the Agriculture and Home Economics meeting at her home August 2, as Mrs. Spinney was away that week.

Mrs. Spinney and daughter, Mary Jane, spent one day last week in Bethel.

Horace Tibbets is building a chimney in his house.

Quite a few are still haying down this way.

SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wardwell spent the week end at Bryant Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Kimball called at Leon Kimball's Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dunham and daughter Bessie were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wardwell Saturday night.

Joseph Pechnik was in Norway Saturday evening.

Durwood Harding has gone to Boston to work.

Mrs. Lavan Allen is spending a few days at her home here.

George Wentworth has finished cutting his oats and second crop of clover.

The many friends of Mrs. Anna Cundall from Mansfield, Mass., were very glad to see her at the Circle at Hunts Corner Thursday evening.

Major and Mrs. Everett Dunham and family from Bath were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kimball.

Mary Dunham is spending a few days with her aunt, Alice Wardwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell and Joseph Pechnik called on Daisy Kimball Sunday evening.

GROVER HILL

Recent callers at Mrs. M. F. Tyler's have been Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bennett from West Bethel and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garber from Bethel village.

Mrs. James Goodrich has returned from Portsmouth and is entertaining her daughter Mrs. Harold Grace and family and Mrs. Blanche Blake all of Portsmouth, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Austin and daughter, Bessie of Freeport, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Davis of South Woodstock recently called to see their grand uncle, N. A. Stearns.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Skillings have a guest this week, Mr. Verrill from Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Mann of Ridgelyville visited at the home of N. A. Stearns one day last week.

James Muddt has finished cutting hay for C. L. Whitman and James Goodrich.

WE ARE STILL HERE —

COME IN AND SEE US

FARWELL & WIGHT

RED & WHITE STORE

P. R. BURNS

MEATS and FRUITS

Ceiling Prices

RED & WHITE Rich Flavorful COFFEE lb. jar 36c

HANOVER

Correspondent—Mrs. W. W. Worcester

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Holt went to Portland Wednesday of last week where Mr. Holt entered the Maine General Hospital and submitted to an operation. Mrs. Holt is staying at the Columbia Hotel.

Mrs. Marion Taylor and Dick Marshall returned to Portland Thursday of last week.

The Ladies Aid Meeting was held on Wednesday of last week at Mrs. Amy Marston's with a picnic dinner in her grove. In the afternoon the work was done in the Universalist Church which is being used for a Community Club house. Those attending from here were Mrs. C. O. Poor, Mrs. Ella Russell, Mrs. Bee Cameron and Mrs. Mabel Worcester.

Mr. and Mrs. George Spencer, Windsor Vermont, were recent callers on their cousins G. C. Barker and Alice Staples.

Mrs. B. J. Russell went to Dixfield, Thursday where she visited at the home of Mrs. Stanley Roberts.

The Pythian Sisters held their monthly meeting Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cate, Berlin, N. H., visited at the home of B. J. Russell over the week end.

Clement Worcester, Charlie Hopkins and Joe McNally made a trip to Whitecap Friday of last week bringing off 75 quarts of blueberries.

Miss Dorothy Elliot and Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Elliot were callers at Willis Penney's Saturday.

Carol Elita Cummings spent Saturday in Rumford, shopping.

B. J. Russell is having a vacation from his duties in Rumford.

Miss Jeannie Cameron, Dorchester, Mass., came Monday to spend part of her vacation at the home of Mrs. Mabel Worcester.

WEST GREENWOOD

Mrs. Edward Capillon and daughters of Attleboro, Mass. and Mrs. George Fuller of Sabattus are guests at B. L. Harrington's.

Little Miss Gloria Wilson was the guest of Mary and Norma Ford a few days last week.

Mrs. Lizzie Vashaw of Lisbon Falls called on Mrs. Alden Wilson recently.

B. L. Harrington is working in Fayette.

Pfe Freeman Stevens called on Paul Croteau Monday.

Mrs. Henry Fitzgerald and Mrs. Paul Croteau were in Berlin, N. H., on business one day last week.

WE ARE STILL HERE —

COME IN AND SEE US

FARWELL & WIGHT

RED & WHITE STORE

P. R. BURNS

MEATS and FRUITS

Ceiling Prices

RED & WHITE Rich Flavorful COFFEE lb. jar 36c

RED & WHITE Natural GRAPEFRUIT Juice 2 ons 31c

RED & WHITE PRUNE JUICE quart 29c

RED & WHITE OUT BEETS 2 cans 25c

RED & WHITE Whole Kernel C O R N 2 cans 33c

RED & WHITE SPINACH No. 2 1/2 can 23c

GOLDEN HARVEST SHELL BEANS can 10c

RINSO large pkg. 23c

PENOBSCOT Golden Sweet C O R N No. 2 can 16c

NEWRY CORNER

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Farroll who have been guests of Mrs. Walter Bond at Sunnyvale have returned to their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. William Enman and daughter of Augusta and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Enman and son of Portland are vacationing at Bear River Cabins.

The Farm Bureau will be held Wednesday of this week at Mrs. Robert Davis' camp on Bear river.

Mrs. Nellie Capillon and daughters, Helene and Yvette of Attleboro, Mass. and her sister, Mrs. Mary Fuller from Sabattus visited their cousin, Mrs. Grace Hulbert Sunday evening.

Walter Bond arrived Saturday to spend the remainder of the month with Mrs. Bond and daughter, Patricia.

Mr. and Mrs. Pugliese have been recent guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Learned. Mr. Pugliese was home on a furlough from his training in Texas.

Emery Hamilton of Portland was in town last week.

August has surely brought plenty of extremely hot days with little rainfall.

Mrs. Helen Stearns was called to Andover Thursday by the critical injuries received by her father, Llewellyn Damon. Mr. Damon was rushed to the Community Hospital where he died that night. Funeral services were held at Andover Sunday afternoon.

Cpl. Warren Powers who has been spending a furlough with his parents returned to camp Sunday.

Friends of Mrs. Leroy Thurston of Rumford were sorry to learn of the destruction of her home by fire last week.

Margaret, Beverly and Esther Carey of Woodstock were recent guests of their aunt, Mrs. Selma Chapman.

Mrs. Mandy Lapham underwent surgery Saturday at the Community Hospital. Her friends wish for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Josephine Donnell of Berwick is spending some time at Bear River Cabins.

ROWE HILL

Misses Marjorie and Lillian Ring visited at Wilmer Bryant's from Thursday till Sunday night on their return from Old Orchard where they had spent several days.

They returned to their home in West Peru Sunday night.

Mrs. Ray Hanscom returned from Old Orchard Thursday night.

Miss Eunice Palmer was at her home here over the week end.

Ernest Brooks worked for Miss Hobbs Monday.

Mrs. Margaret Bryant and Miss Hobbs were in South Paris and Norway last Thursday.

Sylvia Ring was at Wilmer Bryant's from her work at Greenwood Center over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Ring called on their daughter, Mrs. Glen Martin Saturday night.

98 in the shade Saturday with a thunder shower at noon which did not cool the air.

PEELED PULPWOOD IS NEEDED NOW!

WEST BETHEL

Miss Della Mae Jacques from Berlin, N. H. spent the week end with Miss Beverly Kneeland.

Miss Joyce Abbott and friends of Brunswick, were at Miss Abbott's home over Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bennett spent a few days with Mrs. Bennett's sister and family in Haverhill, N. H. recently.

Mrs. Mazie Kincaid of Somerville, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alfred Merrill.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Byers are spending a short vacation at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowell have moved to the home of Mr. Lowell's parents to live.

Loton Hutchinson is spending a few weeks with his brother, Archie Hutchinson and family.

EXTENSION CHATS

Virginia Brown, H. D. A.

Now is the time all homemakers need all their energy and sometimes wish they had a little more. Save yourself all the energy that's possible. The really tiring job is not in washing, sterilizing, filling, sealing and storing the jars—it's the way the work is done. By way of explanation: it's found very few homemakers have (1) convenient working centers with properly arranged equipment and sufficient equipment; (2) correct heights for working surfaces when sitting as well as standing; (3) comfortable clothing, especially shoes.

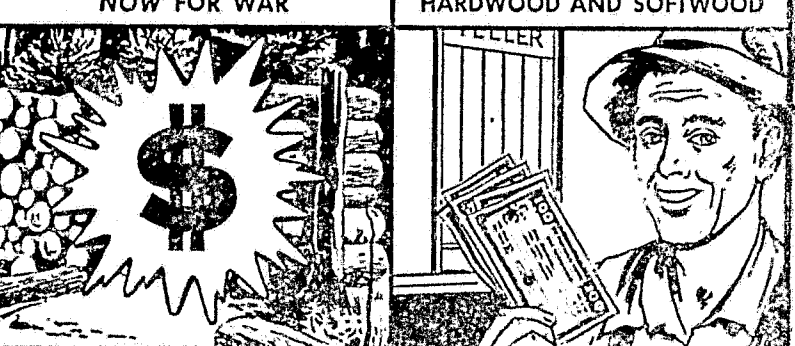
Lack of these factors causes over-fatigue and over-fatigue causes carelessness in actual canning processes. Take proper care of yourself as well as of your food.

PULPWOOD FACTS



PULPWOOD IS NEEDED NOW FOR WAR

BROWN COMPANY BUYS BOTH HARDWOOD AND SOFTWOOD



CEILING PRICES MAKE PULPWOOD PROFITABLE

BE DOUBLY PATRIOTIC BUY WAR BONDS

Make your wood fighting wood

SEE OUR LOCAL BUYER:

L. Lane Upton, Me.

C. L. Phipps Berlin, N. H.

OR AUTHORIZED DEALER:

Carroll Abbott West Bethel, Me.

or write direct to

BROWN COMPANY

Woods Department
BERLIN, N. H.

PUT THE AXE TO THE AXIS

AUGUST CLEARANCE

on all

Women's and Children's Summer Coats Suits Dresses Playclothes

CEILING PRICE	AUGUST PRICE	CEILING PRICE	AUGUST PRICE
COATS		HATS	
\$16.75 to \$18.75	\$12.75	\$1.59 to \$1.79	\$1.00
\$19.95 to \$22.50	\$15.75	\$1.95	\$1.25
\$24.75 to \$29.75	\$19.75	\$2.95	\$1.95
DRESSES		\$3.95	\$2.95
\$3.95 to \$4.95	\$3.00	Children's Coats	
\$5.95 to \$6.95	\$5.00	\$5.95 to \$6.95	\$4.95
\$7.95 to \$9.95	\$7.00	\$8.95	\$6.95
\$10.75 to \$15.75	\$9.00	\$9.95	\$7.75
SLACKS SHORTS		\$10.95	\$8.95
\$1.95	\$1.49	Children's Dresses	
\$2.49 to \$2.95	\$1.95	One lot of Children's Sheer Dresses, sizes 6 to 14. Regular price, \$2.49 to \$2.95.	
\$3.95	\$2.95	Now \$1.59 of 2 for \$3.00	
\$4.69 to \$4.95	\$3.95		
Playsuits			
\$4.95	\$3.95		

Clearance Closes Saturday, Sept. 2nd

PASS THE WORD ALONG

REMEMBER THE PLACE

The SPECIALTY SHOP

Opposite Bosserman's Drug Store

Bethel, Maine

With Ernie Pyle at the Front:

Mechanical Wizards Do Army's Toughest Job

Keep Machines Going Is Job of Ordnance 12-16-Hour Day Under Fire

By Ernie Pyle

SOMEWHERE IN NORMANDY—I moved over to an ordnance evacuation company.

These men handle the gigantic trucks, the long, low trailers and the heavy wreckers that go out to haul back crippled tanks and wrecked anti-tank guns from the battlefield.

The ordnance branch's policy on these wrecking companies is that if they don't have a casualty now and then, or collect a few shrapnel marks on their vehicles, then they're not doing their job efficiently.

Tanks must be retrieved just as quickly as possible after they have been shot up. In the first place, we don't want the Germans to get them; secondly, we want to get them repaired and back in action for ourselves right away.

The job of an ordnance evacuation company is often frightening, although this company's casualties have been amazingly low. In fact they've had only four and it's still a mystery what happened to them. The four left one day in a jeep, just on a normal trip. They didn't come back. No trace could be found. Three weeks later two of them came in—just discharged from a hospital. On the same day a letter came from the third—from a hospital in England. Nothing yet has been heard from the fourth.

And the strange part is that neither the two who returned nor the one who wrote from England can remember a thing about it. They were just riding along in their jeep and the next thing they woke up in a hospital. All three were wounded, but how they don't know. Friends suppose it was a shell hit.

At any rate, a sergeant in charge of one section of the mammoth movers, known as M-18s, took me around to see some of his crewmen. They all go by the name of "The Diesel Boys."

Their vehicle is simply a gigantic truck with a long, skeletonized trailer behind.

Like all our army over here they were strung out around the hedgerows of the field under camouflage nets, with the middle grassy fields completely empty.

My friend was Sgt. Milton Radcliff of Newark, Ohio. He used to be a furnace operator there. He and all the other former employees still get a letter every two weeks from the company, assuring them their jobs will be there when they return. And Radcliff, for one, is going to take his when he gets back.

Sgt. Vann Jones of Birmingham, Ala., crawled out of his tent and sat Indian fashion on the ground with us. On the other side of our pasture lay the silver remains of a transport plane that had come to a mangy despair on the morning of D-day.

It was a peaceful and sunny evening, quite in contrast to most of our days, and we sat on the grass and watched the sun go down in the west, which we all agreed was a hell of a place for the sun to be going down. Either we were turned around or France is a funny country.

The other boys told me later that Sergeant Jones used to be a wanted man, but he was transferred to the big wreckers and is now in command of one.

His driver is a smiling, tall young fellow, with clipped hair, named Dallas Hudgens from Stoneville, Ga. He was feeling stuffed as a pig, for he'd just got a big ham sent him from home and had been having at it with a vengeance.

There are long lulls when the retriever boys don't have anything to do besides work on their vehicles. They hate these periods and get restless. Some of them spend their time fixing up their tents homelike, even though they may have to move the next day.

One driver even had a feather bed he had picked up from a French family. The average soldier can't carry a feather bed around with him, but the driver of an M-18 could carry 10,000 feather beds and never know the difference.

The boys are all pretty proud of their company. They said they did such good work in the early days of

the invasion that they were about to be put up for Presidential citation. But one day they got in a bomb crater and started shooting captured German guns at the opposite bank just for fun, which is against the rules, so the proposal was torn up. They just laugh about it—which is about all a fellow can do.

Corp. Grover Anderson of Anniston, Ala., is one of the drivers. He swears by his colossal machine but curses it, too. You see the French roads are narrow for heavy two-way military traffic and an M-18 is big and awkward and slow.

"You get so damn mad at it," Anderson says, "because you can't get around and you know everybody's hating you and that makes you mad. They're aggravating, but if you let me leave the trailer off I can put anything out of anywhere with it."

Anderson has grown a red goatee which he is not going to shave off till the war is won. He used to be a taxi driver; that's another reason he finds an M-18 so "aggravating."

"Because it hasn't got a meter on it?" I asked.

"Or maybe because you don't have any female passengers," another driver said.

To which Brother Anderson had a wholly satisfactory GI reply. He said, "(remainder of column voluntarily censored)."

It was just beginning dusk when the order came. A soldier came running up the pasture and said there was a call for our ordnance evacuation company to pull out some crippled tanks.

We had been sitting on the grass and we jumped up and ran down the slope. Waiting at the gate stood an M-18 truck and behind it a big wrecker with a crane.

The day had been warm but dusk was bringing a chill, as always. One of the soldiers loaned me his Mackinaw.

Soldiers stood atop their big machine with a stance of impatience, like firemen waiting to start. We pulled out through the hedgerow gate onto the main macadam highway. It was about 10 miles to the frontlines.

"We should make it before full darkness," one of the officers said. We went through shattered Carantan and on beyond for miles. Then we turned off at an angle in the road. "This is Purple Heart corner," the officer said.

Beyond there the roadside soldiers thinned out. Traffic ceased altogether. With an increasing tempo, the big guns crashed around us. Hedges began to make weird shrieks. You peered closely at sentries in every open hedgerow just out of nervous alertness.

The smell of death washed past us in waves as we drove on. There is nothing worse in war than the foul odor of death. There is no last vestige of dignity in it.

We turned up a gravel lane, and drove slowly. The dusk was deepening. A gray stone farmhouse sat dimly off the road. A little yard and driveway semicircled in front of it. Against the front of the house stood five German soldiers, facing inward, their hands above their heads. An American doughboy stood in the driveway with a Tommygun pointed at them. We drove on for about 50 yards and stopped. The drivers shut off their diesel motors.

One officer went into an orchard to try to find where the tanks were. In wartime nobody ever knows where anything is. The rest of us waited along the road beside an old stone barn. Three jeeps were parked beside it. The dusk was deeper now.

Out of the orchards around us roared and thundered our own artillery. An officer lit a cigaret. A sergeant with a rifle along on his shoulder walked up and said, "You better put that out, sir. There's snipers all around and they'll shoot at a cigaret."

The officer crushed the cigaret in his fingers, not waiting to drop it to the ground, and said, "Thanks."

"It's for your own good," the sergeant said, apologetically.

GIs Sweat Day and Night but Deliver

At the edge of a pasture, sitting cross-legged on the grass or on low boxes as though they were at a picnic, are 13 men in greasy soldiers' coveralls.

Near them, on one side is a shop truck with a canvas canopy stretched out from it, making a sort of patio alongside the truck. And under this canopy and all over the ground are rifles—rusty and broken rifles.

This is the small arms section of our medium ordnance company. To this company comes daily in trucks the picked up, rusted rifles of men killed or wounded, and rifles broken in ordinary service. There are dozens of such companies.

This company turns back around a hundred miles a day to its division, all shiny and oily and ready to shoot again.

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO
BY VIRGINIA VALE
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

AFTER Laraine Day had worked up the hard way—playing heroine in Westerns, and "Nurse Mary Lamont" in the Doc Kildares, RKO set to work to glamorize her; she was to play the richest girl in the world in "Bride by Mistake," with Alan Marshal. So the hairdressers and make-up men went to work, and the clothes designers whipped up some very daring costumes. Then the photographers got busy, so that the newspapers could print pictures showing the public what a beautiful



LARAIN DAY

girl had been hidden by those nurse's uniforms. When Laraine took the photos home, her mother took one look, and remarked, "I hope, dear, that you had a lady photographer!"

If a guest star clicks, give him a contract—that's the policy of "The Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street," with the signing of Johnnie Johnston for a nine-week run as the latest demonstration of the practice. The movie baritone appeared for a single guest performance on July 16, and was promptly signed for nine more. Practically the same thing happened to Victor Borge.

Andre Kostelanetz and Lily Pons, touring the Persian Gulf war theater, extended their trip for four weeks, to visit the Italian-North African area, Eleanor Steber and Percy Faith's orchestra continue to hold down their CBS Sunday time.

They credit Hedy Lamarr with this. Seems her husband, John Loder, playing in "The British Strangler," was to strangle the Lord Mayor of London in a snowstorm. Only the factory supplying movie snow broke down. But when Loder came home and told his wife about it, she suggested that the limestone meal which she feeds the family chickens to make the egg shells hard would make perfect movie snow—which it did!

Ethel Barrymore, "Ned in Hollywood to work in 'Selling the Lonely Heart,' sort of startled the community by being an ardent listener to the radio's "Information Please" and "Quiz Kids"; heard them on the radio in her dressing room, where she lived, and beat the quizzes to the right answers nine times out of ten. Of course, no one can stump her on the league standings of the ball clubs, ever.

Paper salvagers now have a song to sing. Henry Sylvers, of Mutual's "Screen Test," has composed a theme song for his juvenile cell-menders, entitled "Paper Cell-menders." It will be taught to youngsters through the medium of recordings.

One of the young actors in Metro's "Dragon Seed," played a character out of his own experience. He's Wei Hsueh, who plays a Chinese student leader in an uprising against the Japs—as a college student in Peking in 1925 he played that role many times.

The British Broadcasting Corporation's industrial music project, "Music While You Work," has celebrated its fourth anniversary with its 3,615th program. Eight thousand factories, employing 4,500,000 workers, now take "Music While You Work"; an average of 1,000 people a year join the course, which is being eagerly watched by leading industrialists in the United States.

Ellen Drew had quite a day a while ago. First came word that her overseas husband, the former screen-writer, Cy Bartlett, had been promoted from major to lieutenant colonel. Then she was signed by RKO for top gal in Boris Karloff's "The Isle of the Dead."

ODDS AND ENDS—When it was announced that "Road to Utopia" was the last of the "Road" pictures starring Hope Crosby and Lamour, more than 75,000 letters of protest poured in to the studio. . . . After Huston returns to Warner's for his first picture since "Mission to Moscow," he'll have a comedy role in "Pillar of Fire." . . . The lively role Sara Paddon has in "After Hours in New Orleans"—she walks through two brief scenes without speaking, then becomes a corpse. . . . Reginald Owen literally lost his hair in "Kitty" in which he plays opposite Paulette Goddard—required to play a completely bald man, he had his head shaved.

GRASSROOTS

WRIGHT A PATTERSON
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

HOW AMERICA'S PROGRESS HAS CHANGED ECONOMY. EVOLUTION, YES, AND AT A REVOLUTIONARY PACE, accomplished under the American system. All within the period of a lifetime we have seen startling advances in our standard of living, in our work and play hours, in the rates of pay for workers, in the variety of our products and in the quantity of our products.

The town plutocrat of less than a lifetime ago, the man who lived in the big house on the hill, owned a horse and buggy. If he were an ultra plutocrat, he employed a driver, who also looked after the stable and did the gardening. The income of that man of wealth was but little more than \$2,000 a year. In 1870 you could go a long way on \$2,000.

In these years the average family income was under \$400 a year. The section man on the railroad worked ten hours a day at a wage rate of nine cents an hour. The railroad brakeman could make as much as \$40 a month. Conductors and engineers, then as now, the best paid workers, could make, by working long hours, from \$60 to \$70 a month. Good pay for printers in those days was from 15 to 20 cents an hour, though an hourly rate was seldom heard of, and from \$10 to \$15 a week of from 60 to 72 hours. All other workers were paid on much the same basis.

In those days of but a few years ago, much of the grain was harvested with a scythe, with another man following to bind it into sheaves. Ten acres of wheat was considered a fair sized field for any one farm on which a harvesting machine had not been installed.

Today the man who lives in the big house drives one or several automobiles and employs a chauffeur. His income has doubled and trebled and more. Today the family whose income is less than \$1,500 to \$2,000 is considered as poverty stricken. The section man on the railroad receives from \$3 to \$4 for each day of eight hours. The railroad brakeman draws a hundred or more dollars each month with many less working hours. Conductors and engineers receive as high as \$250 a month and more. Printers in even the smaller cities receiving less than \$10 a week for 40 hours of work are the exception.

With the introduction of machinery the number of workers increased rather than decreased. There are far more working printers now than before the introduction of typesetting machines. Several times as many men were making automobiles before the war as were employed building carriages and wagons. The ten acres of wheat have increased to 40, 50 and 100 and more.

Yes, it has been evolution accomplished in an orderly way, without making America over, at a revolutionary pace but not by revolution. Can our Washington theorists promise equal results under any form of planned economy or state socialization during the period of another lifetime?

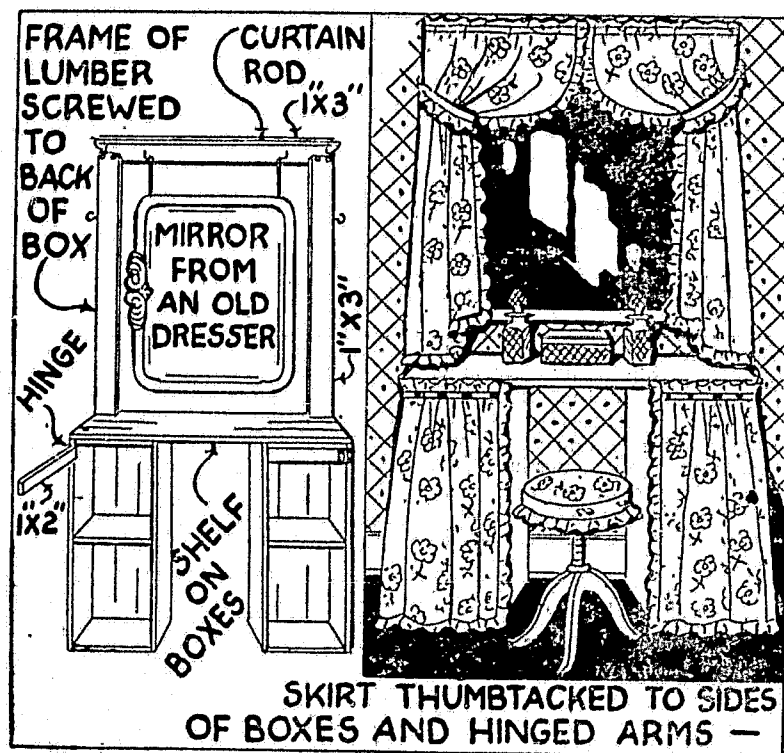
CONGRESS AND STATES. Collectively our 48 states constitute a great and powerful nation that can, and largely does, dominate the world. Separate them into 48 small nations and no one of them would be of any special consequence. Congress, members of the senate and house, are sent to Washington to legislate for 48 states, to represent a nation. Should congress consider the wishes or needs of individual states as paramount to interests of the nation we would soon pass as a dominant world power, and become but a group of wrangling small nations with advantage to none.

SALARIES HIGH—BEFORE UNCLE SAM GETS HIS. W. S. CARPENTER JR., IS president of the Du Pont Company. During 1943 the products of that company sold to its customers for a total of \$583,481,521.00. It is one of the really big American corporations. To the president who directs its activities, the production and sale of its products, the company pays a salary, and no other compensation, of \$150,000 a year. After Mr. Carpenter had paid his Federal income tax he had left of his salary all of \$36,495, out of which he still had to pay local and state taxes. Big salaries are big only before the government takes its share.

A GRANDDAUGHTER, BEFORE SHE WAS 18 YEARS OF AGE, had a commercial pilot's license and was flying commercial planes. Before she was 19 she had a flier's commission in the army and as an army pilot was ferrying the big bombers from factories to air posts, and the public of today applaud her and her sisters. When her grandmother at the age of 16 accepted a job in an office the people of her home town in Iowa were shocked. A girl's place was in the home. Women have traveled far in the past half century.

Vanity Table Can Be Made From Old Mirror and Odds and Ends

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



HAVE you a mirror from an old dresser? It doesn't make any difference about the size or shape or how "queer" the frame may be, because you may hang the mirror any old way you want to and cover three sides with curtains to make the adorable frilly vanity shown here.

Two orange crates or a pair of boxes; some odds and ends of lumber; a curtain rod; hooks and a little wire for hanging the mirror; a pair of cup hooks to hold the curtain tie-backs; a pair of hinges for the arms to which the swing-back skirt is fastened; screws and nails—that is all you need. You probably have it all around the house right now. The sketch gives all the details, and it won't make any difference how

crude your carpentry may be. The curtains and skirt will cover a multitude of uneven edges and hammer dents.

NOTE: This dressing table idea is from BOOK 5 of the series of homemaker booklets offered with these articles. This book also shows how the dresser to match the mirror was combined with a fish bowl, an old portiere and a chromo from the attic to make an important piece of furniture for the living room. Copy of BOOK 5 will be mailed for 15 cents. Send your order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Enclose 15 cents for Book No. 5.
Name _____
Address _____

Household Hints

To fasten something to angle iron posts, cotter pins will prove much better than short tie wires. Spread and slip the keys over the ferris wires, then insert them in the holes in the iron post, after which they are clinched tightly.

Most light bulbs have a life of from 1,000 to 3,000 hours. You will save bulbs and electricity by turning them off when not needed. Use good quality bulbs of the right size for your needs. A 100-watt bulb gives more light, costs less to buy and less to operate than two 60-watt bulbs. Buy lights with the proper voltage rating for your circuit.

If you have a dog, cook him some cornmeal in the water in which vegetables have been cooked. Divide the dog's daily ration into three meals, instead of two. He does not get so hungry then and does not eat so fast.

Try keeping the peanut butter jar upside down on the pantry shelves between trips to the table. The alternate turning it receives this way helps keep the oil distributed through the entire jar.

Try cutting the outside leaves of cauliflower into inch-long pieces, and when done, creaming with white sauce.

Here's a tip to facilitate mending large holes in sweaters. Place a piece of netting under the hole, then darn with matching wool. The netting serves as backing and makes a better darning job possible.

Olivia de Havilland
star of the Warner Bros. picture, "Strawberry Blonde," recommends
Calox Tooth Powder for teeth that shine.
CALOX TOOTH POWDER

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